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UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

HAND-BOOK  
TO THE  
ENGLISH LAKES.

PRICE 1s. 6d.

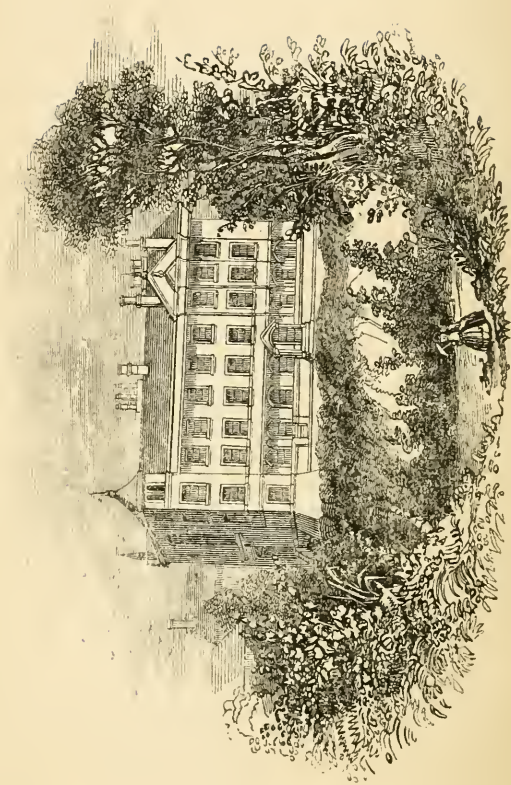
# MAP OF THE LAKE DISTRICT.











The Hotel at Birthwate.

HAND-BOOK

TO

THE ENGLISH LAKES.

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WITH MAP AND ENGRAVINGS.

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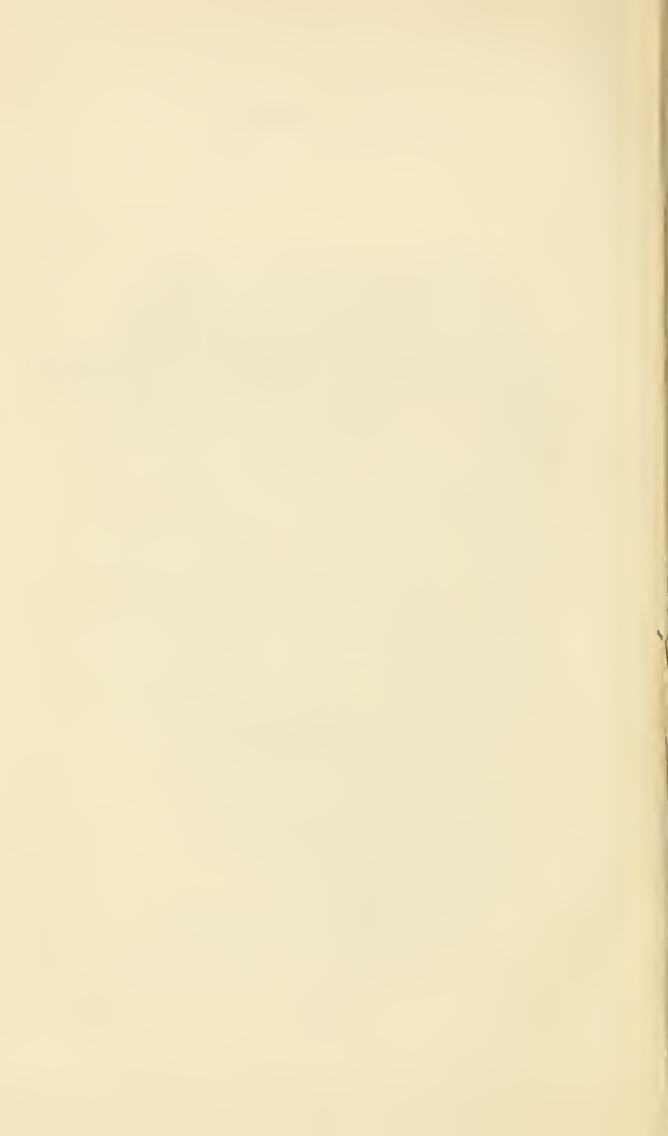
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1847.





## PREFACE.

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THAT a small Guide, or Hand-Book, pointing out, and briefly describing all the places of interest in the Lake District, and reduced to a more portable and convenient size than any hitherto published, has long been a desideratum, it is almost needless to mention; and, now that railway communication enables parties to approach in a cheap, easy, and expeditious manner, additional numbers will avail themselves of the opportunity of visiting a country rich in scenery, in historic and poetic associations, and the want of a Guide not so cumbersome or expensive as those at present in use must have been deeply felt. The present Work is intended to supply this deficiency. The Compiler has indicated the best routes to be taken, and has given, in a concise form, an account of those objects worthy of being visited, placing them in that order in which the tourist will find them; and where more routes than one can be taken they are pointed out, leaving the visiter to select at his option, and adopt those most suiting his time and convenience. Being well acquainted with the district, the Compiler can pledge himself to the general accuracy of

the work, and to the correctness of the distances given.

The Map which accompanies this Hand-Book will be found a valuable acquisition — exhibiting distinctly the different roads, lakes, mountains, &c., and not crowded with names of unimportant places, calculated only to bewilder and confuse. The copious Index at the end will enable the visiter to refer at once to any place mentioned in the book.

The List of Plants, with their habitats, has been revised by Mr. Gough, of Kendal, who has kindly made some additions to the lists heretofore published.

Kendal, May, 1847.

# HAND-BOOK

TO

## THE ENGLISH LAKES.

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THERE are two points which have long engaged the attention of visitors to the lake and mountain scenery of Cumberland, Westmorland, and Lancashire, viz., the route by which the country may be viewed most advantageously, and the season of the year when the landscape presents the greatest beauty and variety. The recent construction of railways to the lake district has afforded great facilities to the tourist ; and the formation of a branch, joining the Lancaster and Carlisle line near Kendal, and terminating near to the village of Bowness, a short distance from Lake Windermere, will now render the route by way of Lancaster and Kendal most preferable to visitors from the south. Hitherto it has been regarded by writers well acquainted with this locality the best, at least for those whose time was somewhat limited, and with the above additional advantages the point may now be considered decided. The precise period of the year for visiting the country is a matter which must be fixed on according to the taste of the visitor. Some prefer the spring, but by far the greatest influx takes place during the autumn months. In May and June the landscape presents a lively appearance ; the meadows and mountain sides are clothed in verdure ; the timber trees and coppice woods exhibit

every variety of green ; and while the eye feasts on the beauty of the varied prospect, the music of the woodland choristers falls deliciously on the ear. In August and September the scenery has undergone a considerable change — the rich green of spring has given place to the golden and manifold hues of autumn. The foliage of the woods and forest trees displays a pleasing diversity of tints, and here and there is seen a field of yellow grain, waving in the breeze, or enlivened by a host of busy harvest labourers. The heavy showers of rain which occasionally fall at this period may be looked on as unfavourable to the progress of the tourist ; but the slight disadvantages they occasion are perhaps more than compensated by the freshness they impart to the landscape, and by their swelling the waterfalls, giving a highly picturesque appearance to some that would otherwise be scarcely worth visiting.

Passing from Lancaster to Kendal (a distance of upwards of twenty miles by the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway), the scenery presenting itself to the eye of the spectator is of a character which indicates his approach to the lake district. When about half way the passenger leaves at a little to the right the small town of Burton-in-Kendal, and a few miles further, at a greater distance in the same direction, the town of Kirkby Lonsdale, situated on the western banks of the river Lune, in one of the most beautiful valleys in the kingdom. Though at some distance from the direct road to the lakes, this place is frequently visited by strangers, and the richness of the surrounding scenery amply repays the trouble of the deviation. Kirkby Lonsdale contains a population of nearly 1700 ; has a fine church, which, however, has lost its antique appearance through modern innovation ; and a lofty bridge of three arches over the Lune. In the vicinage are

a number of gentlemen's seats. and about a mile to the north-east the village of Casterton, where resides the Rev. Carus Wilson, editor of several religious periodicals, and superintendent of two laudable institutions — one a school for educating the daughters of the clergy, and the other for the training of female servants, both which, with an exceedingly neat chapel, are in the village. In the neighbourhood are also several caves, all of which may be conveniently visited from the town. When seven miles from Kendal, the line leaves, at a mile to the west, the salubrious little town of Milnthorpe, where, previous to the railway communication being opened, tourists were in the habit of making a temporary stay; and a little further, on the same side, the rural village of Heversham, famed for its school, where several eminent characters have received their education, amongst whom are named the late Bishop Watson, Professor Whewell, and others. Further still is Levens Hall, the seat of Lady Howard, with its splendid park adjoining the banks of the river Kent. The gardens here were planned by Mr. Beaumont, gardener to King James II., after the old French style, of which they are the finest specimen in the kingdom, and, together with the richly carved oak in the library and hall, will be found rare and interesting objects. About three miles from Kendal the traveller catches a glimpse of Sizergh Hall, to the west, an ancient building that has long been in possession of the Stricklands, surrounded by a park and woodland scenery. It is recorded that Mary, Queen of Scots, was once an inmate here, and the room she occupied still bears her name. Queen Catherine Parr also resided here a short time after the demise of the king, and prior to her second marriage. Arrived at the junction of the Kendal and Windermere Railway, one of the

best views is obtained of the town of Kendal. Partly situated at the base of a hill, which commands the river Kent and the vale for some distance, its irregular streets and scattered houses, when viewed from this elevated position, have a very pleasing appearance. Between the junction and the town, on the summit of a conical hill, stand the ruins of the Castle, once the seat of the barons of Kendal, and the birth-place of Catherine Parr, the sixth and only surviving wife of "bluff King Hal." It has evidently once been encircled by a deep fosse, and the only remains of its former stability are a tower, part of a keep, and portions of a circular wall.

Should the tourist reach Kendal in the early part of the day he might spend the remainder profitably in looking about the town and neighbourhood. The principal inns are the King's Arms and Commercial, besides which comfortable accommodation may be found at the Crown and other respectable houses. The town has two main streets running nearly direct from north to south, from which others of inferior note branch off, and contains a population of nearly 13,000 inhabitants. Its principal manufactures are those of woollen, which have flourished ever since the commencement of the fourteenth century, when they were introduced by John Kemp, a manufacturer from Flanders. There are three churches, two of modern erection, and one of ancient Gothic architecture, situated at the southern end of the town, which contains, among other things worthy of notice, three chapels, belonging to the Parrs, Stricklands, and Bellinghams, with monuments of the respective families. Besides these there are a number of other places of worship belonging to the nonconformists. Kendal also boasts a Museum containing a good collection of objects of natural history, minerals, &c.; a Book Club, patron-

ised by the principal gentry in the neighbourhood; a good Library; Mechanics' Institute, and two News Rooms.

Having surveyed the town, and visited some of the places already referred to, the traveller will do well to make an excursion to Scout Sear, a bold precipice about two miles to the west, from whence the surrounding country may be advantageously seen. To the right is a somewhat undulating tract of country, apparently closed in by the lake mountains; in front a champaign of turf ground, bounded on the opposite side by a ridge similar to the scar itself; while to the left may be seen portions of Morecambe Bay, fringed with woods and green fields — altogether forming a scene of great beauty and attraction; and more particularly so if viewed in the softening light of evening, when visitors will frequently stay until the last notes of the blackbird have died away in the wood beneath, and the shades of evening are fast closing around, before they withdraw their gaze and wend their way back to their adopted quarters. Here, too, the geologist will meet with fine specimens of fossil shells, which are exceedingly abundant on this and the neighbouring fells.

The antiquarian would probably prefer a walk to Water Crook, a mile to the south, following the river Kent, where are the remains of a Roman station, supposed to be the *Concangium*. Several antique relics have been found here, of which two altars, a broken statue, and a sepulchral stone are yet preserved.

From Kendal an agreeable excursion might be made to Hawes Water, somewhere about twenty miles, either through the vale of Kentmere or Long Sleddale. The lake is situated in the narrow vale of Mardale, has steep craggy hills overlooking its

head, and on its southern side a mountainous ridge known by the name of Naddle Forest. Or a visit might be made to Shap Wells (sixteen miles) taking the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway, which passes close to the place. The spa being considered highly efficacious in many disorders, great numbers resort to it in summer, and the commodious hotel on the spot affords every accommodation both for the invalid and pleasure seeker.

From the railway station at Kendal to the terminus at Birthwaite, near Bowness, is nearly nine miles. Near to the town the line crosses the Kent by a viaduct, shortly after leaves the village of Burneside and Burneside Hall on the right, and Tolson Hall, formerly the seat of the Batemans, on the left; thence proceeding up the valley by Cowan Head, and passing close to the village of Staveley. At the terminus a spacious hotel has just been erected, where conveyances may be procured, and other facilities received. And here is first obtained a view of

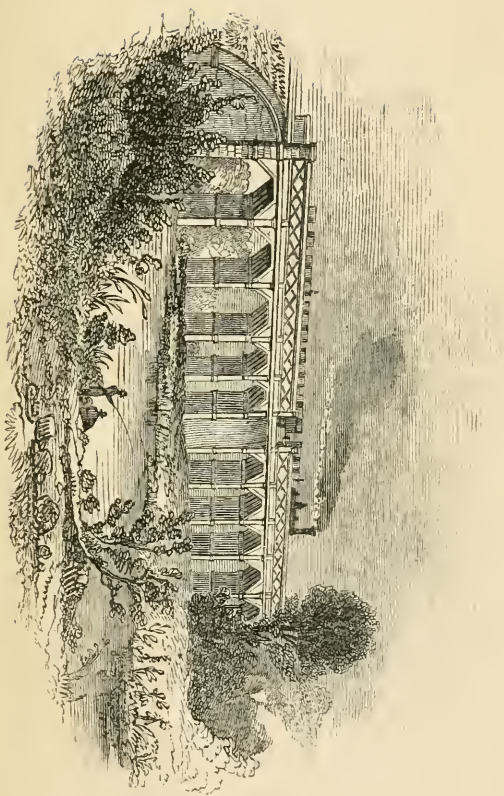
“Wooded Winandermere, the river lake,”

Perchance its scarcely rippled surface, glittering with silvery sheen, dotted here and there with boats, a few with unfurled sails of snowy whiteness scudding slowly before the breeze; its scattered islands clad with shady trees; and its banks exhibiting field, wood, hill, and dale, in pleasing disorder, adorned with stately mansions, neat villas, orderly-looking farm houses, and whitewashed cottages, peeping from beneath some overhanging wood, or sheltered by ancestral trees, appearing like the abodes of peace, comfort, and industry, and so sweetly retired, one

“Deeply feels

That innocence her shrine might there preserve  
For ever.”





Viaduct on the Kendal and Windermere Railway.



The still pellucid lake, the majestic and beautiful scenery which surrounds it, reposing graceful and serene, bursting at once upon the sight, leaves an impression on the mind which the hand of time can never erase — an impression which, amid all the changes of life, will remain indelible, and, if possible, only become more and more delightful as that moment recedes into the past, and is viewed by the retrospective eye in the moonlight of memory. Alluding to this enchanting prospect, Professor Wilson writes, “You feel that there is loveliness on this earth more exquisite and perfect than ever visited your slumbers even in the glimpses of a dream. The first sight of such a scene will be unforgotten to your dying day — for such passive impressions are deeper than we can explain — our whole spiritual being is suddenly awakened to receive them — and associations swift as light, are gathered into one emotion of Beauty, which shall be imperishable, and which often as memory recalls that moment, grows into genius, and vents itself in appropriate expressions, each in itself a picture.”

From the terminus the tourist naturally directs his course to the village of Bowness, the great resort of all the lake visitors. It stands on the edge of a fine bay which frequently presents a most animated appearance. Boats of various descriptions are riding at anchor, while others are perpetually entering or departing, loaded with many a pleasure-seeking party. The village contains two excellent inns (the Royal Hotel and the Crown), where tourists meet with every attention, and where all requisite information may be gained. The church is an ancient edifice, with a square tower and leaden roof, and one of its windows contains some of the painted glass taken from the east window of Furness Abbey. In the yard, at the eastern end of the church, is a

plain monument to the memory of Bishop Watson, who was buried here, inscribed "*Ricardi Watson, Episcopi Landavensis cineribus sacrum, obiit Julii 1, A.D. 1816, Ætatis 79.*" Overlooking the village is a school, built by the late Col. Bolton, of Storrs Hall, from whence the upper portion of the lake is seen to advantage. Here is also a hydropathic establishment, superintended by Dr. Paisley, who has a number of patients undergoing the treatment.

A variety of excursions may be made from Bowness, some of which, in addition to the charming landscapes they unfold, to the lover of literature produce other delights, from being associated with names of high standing in the literary world. A pleasing walk of two miles to the south brings you to Storrs Hall, the residence of Mrs. Bolton, situated on the margin of the lake, amid fine pleasure grounds. Here Mr. Canning was in the habit of paying frequent visits, to gain a little respite from public cares, and was occasionally honoured by the company of some of the most illustrious characters of the age, amongst whom are numbered Sir Walter Scott, Wordsworth, Southey, Professor Wilson, and others. By taking the opposite direction along the Ambleside road, Rayrigg, Elleray (the property of Professor Wilson, and recently inhabited by Thos. Hamilton, Esq., the author of "*Cyril Thornton*," "*Men and Manners in America*," and other popular works), The Wood, and other seats are passed, and at different points fine views open to the sight, some extending almost to both extremities of the lake. Near to the lake is seen Calgarth Park, where resided the late Bishop Watson, who here composed his well known *Apology for the Bible*. At the distance of little more than a mile the road joins that from Kendal, by crossing which this excursion may be extended into the vale of Trout-

beck. Still more extensive views are gained by climbing those hills overlooking the village, either by Bowness Bank to Orrest Head, or pursuing a road by the Crown Hotel and the cold water establishment to Brantfell.

From Bowness a boat may be procured to Belle Isle, or, as it is locally termed, The Island, from being the largest on the lake. Its surface, measuring about thirty acres, is covered with trees, and intersected with gravel walks. There is also a marginal one, running entirely round the island, in perambulating which the eye rests at various points on scenes of dignified and softened beauty. In the words of a native author, "there is not perhaps a spot about the lake can equal a walk round this island in a summer evening, when the long level shadows of the west are seen in the boldest contrast with the glowing gold of the hills to the north-east." Partly on the eastern side is the mansion of Mr. Curwen, to whom the island belongs. "The building is a perfect circle, fifty four feet in diameter, and its roof is a dome covered with fine blue slate, found in the neighbourhood." Belle Isle formerly belonged to the ancient Westmorland family of Philipsons, and in the time of the civil wars was inhabited by two brothers of that name, the elder a colonel, and the younger a major, in the royal army. The latter was a person possessing a bold, adventurous spirit, and from his valorous and daring exploits received the cognomen of "Robin the Devil." It is reported that he here, with a small band of trusty friends, withstood a siege of eight months from Colonel Briggs, an officer in the republican service stationed at Kendal, at the end of which period, his brother coming to his assistance, the colonel was repulsed. Afterwards, in order to retaliate, the major, with a small company

of horse, went to Kendal, one Sunday morning, where, being informed the colonel was at prayers, he proceeded to the church, stationed his men at the entrance, and rode down the principal aisle. Briggs however not being present, the major was frustrated in his design, and in making good his retreat his head came violently in contact with the arch of the door-way, by which casualty his helmet was struck off, and his saddle girth broken. The congregation, recovering from their surprise, attempted to seize him; but, although much stunned, he succeeded, by the aid of his followers, to effect his escape. This incident has been taken advantage of by Scott in the poem of Rokeby, whose similar description in canto six was founded on it, as appears from a note appended to that passage.

One day's sojourn at least ought to be passed on and about the lake. To those who wish to go its full length in a short time the steam yacht, which plies during the day between Ambleside and Newby Bridge, is to be preferred; but others who are desirous of strolling over the islands which dot its surface, and gliding within its pebbly bays and around its wood-clad promontories, should retain a small boat as evidently best adapted for that purpose. By thus taking a leisurely survey novel prospects and unlooked for beauties are continually unfolding themselves to view. We will now proceed to give a brief sketch of the lake itself.

Windermere, the largest of the English lakes, is about twelve miles in length, and in some places measures a mile in breadth. Its depth varies considerably, the greatest being stated to be eighty yards, or two hundred and forty feet. Its waters supply char, trout, perch, and pike, the privilege for fishing which is invested in different land-owners, who let their respective fisheries to persons

who follow that art as their calling. At the proper season these fishermen dispose of their char to be potted, after which they are despatched to the south and other parts of the kingdom. The head of the lake is commanded by towering mountains, but the hills on each side are of a tamer character, and are, for the most part, covered with wood. The principal feeder falls into the lake at its upper end, being the united streams of the Rothay and Brathay (the former running from Rydal Water, and the latter from Elterwater), besides which Esthwaite Lake empties itself at Cunsey, Blelham Tarn, near to Brathay, and the different vallies pour forth their tributary streams. The only outlet is at Newby Bridge, where the river takes the name of Leven, and after passing through Backbarrow, where it puts in motion the machinery of a large cotton manufactory, and Low Wood, where are some extensive powder-works, it mingles with the channel in Morecambe Bay.

One of the most attractive features of the lake are its islands. South of the Ferry Inn, commencing with the most southerly, are Blake Holm, Grass Holm, Ling Holm, and Ramps Holm, or Berkshire Island (the property of Lady Howard, of Levens Hall); thence proceeding northward are Crow Holm, Belle Isle (already mentioned), two Lily-of-the-Valley Holms (so called from producing that favourite flower), Thompson's Holm, House Holm, Hen Holm (belonging to Mr. Clay, of Croft Lodge), Lady Holm (on which once stood a chapel, or oratory, dedicated to the Virgin, and now the property of Mrs. Watson, of Calgarth), and, lastly, Rough Holm, belonging to Mr. Fleming of Rayrigg. These islands, shaded with trees, and scattered like beauty spots over the surface of the lake, are in summer resorted to by many a gay and



blithesome pic-nic party, who here, separated from the noise and turmoil of the world, and surrounded by scenes of grandeur and loveliness, can pass the delightful hour in pleasant converse, with

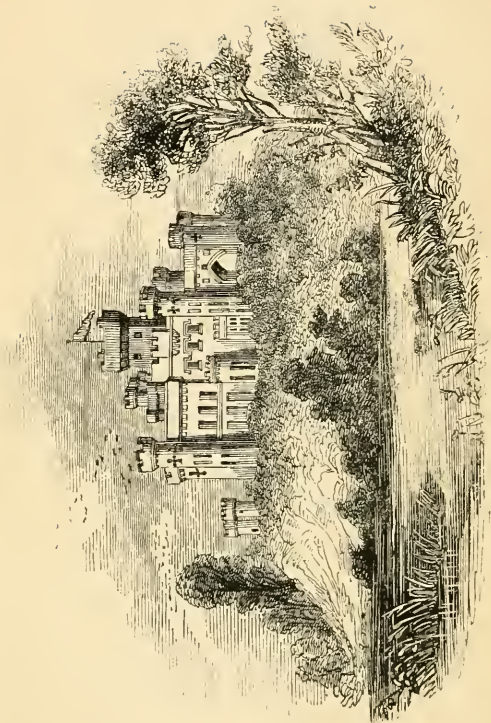
“ Sport that wrinkled care derides,  
And laughter holding both his sides.”

The aquatic excursionist in sailing over the lake may feast his eyes on scenes of varied and indescribable richness. Towards the head the towering mountains of Langdale and Rydal may be seen from various positions, each altering their appearance. Green, who was himself a landscape painter, points out “a fascinating course by skirting the deeply-indented coast at Brathay into Pull Wyke, a pretty bay, surrounded by rich woods, over which peep the Loughrigg and other elevated summits, and from Pull Wyke by the grounds at Low Wray to the craggy and wooded promontory a little southward.” The promontory here spoken of is nearly opposite the Low Wood Inn, and in passing between these places the hills at the head of the lake are seen to great advantage. Further southward the views lose some of their grandeur, but from many places in the vicinity of the islands they are perhaps even more beautiful and enchanting.

As regards the views which may be obtained from the shores, we will briefly advert to them in mentioning those places which the tourist would come in contact with in making a circuit of the lake. Making Ambleside the starting place, and proceeding on the western side, the traveller passes, to the right, about three quarters of a mile from the town, Croft Lodge, the property of Mr. Clay, from the steep wooded hills behind which, intersected by paths, the lake may be seen as far as







Wray Castle.

Bowness; thence passing through Clappersgate he crosses Brathay Bridge, and shortly after leaves Brathay Hall, the seat of G. Redmayne, Esq., to the left, and Brathay Chapel, a neat edifice lately erected by the last-named gentleman, to the right. Pull Wyke, a bay stretching some distance inland, is then passed, where a fine view of the opposite shore is obtained, and shortly after the road to Hawkshead is left to the right, and Wray Castle is seen at some distance before him. Standing on the summit of a pleasant eminence this magnificent building forms a conspicuous object in many of the views from the upper portion of the lake. Its style of architecture is apt to remind one of the feudal times, when every wealthy gentleman acted the part of a petty prince, having a number of stalwart retainers to defend his pretensions from loop-hole, battlement, and tower. It has been lately built by J. Dawson, Esq., physician; and from the tasteful manner in which the grounds are laid out, and the extensive prospects it commands, is likely to become one of the most desirable places in the district. A mile further is the village of High Wray, where is the residence of W. Wilson, Esq., from which place to the Ferry Inn, a distance of three miles, the road winds through exuberant woods, about half-way passing close to Belle Grange, the seat of Edward Curwen, Esq.

Arrived at the Ferry Inn, a well-conducted establishment, the Station House should not be overlooked. It is situated on the brow of the wood-clad hill above the inn, and admirable views of the lake and its islands are obtained from it. The inn itself is placed on the point of a woody promontory, overshadowed by large trees, and diametrically opposite to a strait "nab," or promontory, on the other side, between which places passengers, horses, carts,

carriages, &c. are regularly ferried over. Proceeding onward the road runs through Cunsey (one and a half miles from the inn), crossing Cunsey Beck, which issues from Esthwaite Lake and enters Windermere at this place.

Two miles further, a somewhat uneasy road, through coppice woods, from which, however, may be had some excellent retrospects, brings the tourist to Graythwaite Hall, the property of and inhabited by Myles Sandys, Esq., the descendant of an ancient family of that name. The mansion has lately been enlarged, and the alterations have greatly improved its appearance. An intervening hill completely hides it from the lake, and the prospect from the front is only limited. Near to this place is also the residence of J. J. Rawlinson, Esq., situated so as to overlook the lake for a considerable distance. From Graythwaite to Newby Bridge the road passes through Stott Park, leaving the sylvan vale of Finsthwaite to the right, and to the left, nearly at the foot of the lake, a neat retired villa called The Landing, which, with the adjoining grounds, is now the property of Myles Harrison, Esq. At Newby Bridge, which may be considered the foot of the lake, the Swan Hotel affords every convenience for visitors, having always in readiness conveyances, boats, &c., and also suitable apartments for those who wish to make a temporary stay. By this route the distance is from Ambleside to Ferry Inn eight miles, and from Ferry Inn to Newby Bridge seven miles.

Tourists staying at Newby Bridge may procure a fine view of the surrounding country by visiting the "Tower," built by the late Mr. King, on the highest part of an adjacent hill to the west, the foot-path to which winds its way through stunted coppice, having around the music of the woodland

songsters, and below the never-ceasing murmur of the Leven.

From Newby Bridge to Bowness is somewhere about nine miles. Crossing the river Leven the residence of James Machell, Esq., is seen fronting up the lake. Immediately afterwards, leaving the main road to Milnthorpe, Lancaster, &c., and inclining to the lake, the village of Staveley is left at the foot of the hill to the right. The road taking a northward direction at Fell Foot (a fine building belonging to Mr. Ashley, from the grounds in front of which a considerable portion of the lake may be seen) passes close to Town Head (W. Townley, Esq.), and skirts along the base of Gummershow. Should the visiter ascend this hill, which is clad with firs to its very summit, on some fine clear day, his eyes will rest upon a diversified prospect of great extent. To the south and south-west are the vale and town of Cartmel (in which the ancient church or priory is easily distinguished), and the bay of Morecambe, with the adjacent coast of Low Furness; while to the north outstretches the lake with its group of islands, and the hills rising at its head, and extending far back, with swelling outlines that seem to hold communion with the skies. The road from here runs principally through woods, never wandering far from the sinuous margin of the lake, and passes near to Gill Head, Storrs Hall, Bellfield, and other villas more in the vicinity of Bowness.

From Bowness to Ambleside is a distance of six miles — rich in its scenery, and interesting in its associations. Not far from the village the road enters the woods of Rayrigg, and Rayrigg House is seen at the edge of the lake. Here Wm. Wilberforce, whose exertions for the cause of humanity have made his name familiar to his countrymen,

resided for several summers. Between this place and where the Kendal and Ambleside road is joined, are had those splendid views already spoken of in a preceding page. A mile from this junction is Troutbeck Bridge, near to which is Calgarth Park, an old building once inhabited by the Philipsons.\* Two miles further is Low Wood Inn, a place where a number of tourists take up their quarters, and from its situation is admirably adapted for those who wish to make excursions in the neighbourhood. Regattas, wrestling, &c., once so celebrated, still continued to take place here and at the Ferry Inn, but they are not so well supported as formerly, and are perhaps inferior in point of attraction. Across the lake, Wray Castle, previously referred to, is a prominent object. A little above the inn is Dove's Nest, the chosen abode, in the summer of 1830, of Mrs. Hemans, the poetess, who here, with her three sons,

“Sought from the gazing throng to hide,”

and not a few of the visiters direct their steps to the spot, which the most delightful of all our English poetesses selected for her habitation. Proceeding onward several elegant mansions are passed about the head of the lake, about a mile after which

\* Not long ago in a window of this hall were deposited two human skulls, which were always looked on by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood as being indestructible. They had, according to report, been often removed to a distance, or burnt to powder, and never failed to make their re-appearance, unharmed, in the same window. The country people attributed their presence to various causes, the most popular being that some diabolical act had been committed here, and that these were the imperishable remnants of some murdered persons. On that account they were viewed with a strange kind of awe, and were visited by young and old for several miles round. This credulity, however, has now vanished, and the mouldering hand of time has done what it once was believed human efforts were unable to accomplish.

Ambleside, the reputed emporium of the district, is entered.

To pedestrians or horsemen an excursion through the vale of Troutbeck would be found to be highly interesting. The valley may be entered from Bowness at Cook's House, where the road crosses that to Kendal, or from Ambleside by a road branching off near to the Low Wood Inn, either of which enables the tourist to procure perhaps finer prospects of Windermere and its islands than are to be had from any other quarter. The road from Bowness along the eastern banks of the river passes St. Catharine's (the Earl of Bradford) and The Howe (Captain Wilson, R.N.), and is connected with that on the western side at the chapel, about two miles up the valley. The latter road, however, is generally preferred, as it passes through the long village, with its picturesque houses, so much admired by the artist. Half a mile from the chapel is an inn, called the "Mortal Man," where the traveller can rest and regale himself. The celebrated Canning, while on a visit here, is known to have sat on horseback at the door of this inn (while his friends were inside) for upwards of half an hour, wrapt in profound contemplation, and apparently unconscious of what was passing around him. The road from here northward leads to Patterdale and Ullswater, leaving on the right High Street, Hill Bell, and other mountains, and passing close to Brothers Water. The river, which rises in High Street, is enriched by deep sylvan banks, and near to Troutbeck Bridge, "meeting many rough impediments, rolls furiously down a deep ravine." The inhabitants of Troutbeck retain many of those customs which may be said to be indigenous, and their unaffected manners and genuine hospitality bear some resemblance to that displayed by their progenitors,



the ancient yeomanry of this country. Troutbeck is the birth-place of the father of Hogarth, the painter.

Should the tourist have an opportunity he would be highly delighted by a sail on the lake by moonlight. On such an occasion he seems suspended between two skies, moon and stars shining as brilliantly in the firmament below as in that above, and the natural beauties by which he is surrounded are reflected in the translucent depths beneath. And not unfrequently at such times does the sound of music — artless perhaps, but not less thrilling — fall upon the ear; perchance some mild vocal strain from the shore, echoing through the exuberant woods which deck the hills on each side, or the more sonorous tones of instruments from the bosom of the lake, rebounding from one mountain top to another, until they die away in the distance. By listening to music in such a situation, and gazing awhile on the enchanting scenery, the mind becomes imbued with something like that holy calm which pervades all around, and the soul is led to yearn for something higher and purer than exists in worldly appetites and cravings. It leaves the mean and sordid, and soars aloft amid images of beauty, purity, and perfection.

The tourist desirous of visiting Cartmel, Ulverston, Furness Abbey, &c. might do so from Newby Bridge, first going to Cartmel, then crossing the sands to Ulverston, and then returning to Ambleside by way of Coniston. We will here give a concise description of this route.

The distance from Newby Bridge to Cartmel is about five miles. The town is only remarkable for its church or priory, a noble edifice, founded by William Mareschall, the elder, Earl of Pembroke, in 1188, and displacing the parish church which



stood here before the conquest. Formerly it belonged to a priory of the regular canons of St. Augustine. It is constructed in the pointed style of architecture, and is of a cruciform shape. The interior is supported by four clustered pilasters, and the choir has a number of stalls, beautifully carved, and exhibiting at the top the instruments of our Saviour's passion. There are some ancient monuments also in the interior, and the library possesses a few antique tomes, amongst the rest a fine copy of the interesting letters of King Charles I. At the general suppression of the monastic institutions by Henry VIII., being a parochial as well as conventual church, it was purchased by the inhabitants for a trifling consideration, and hence was preserved from the general wreck, and remains an honour and ornament to the place.

From Cartmel to Ulverston, over the sands, is somewhere about six miles, the road passing near to Holker Hall, the seat of the Earl of Burlington. Ulverston contains a population of about 5,000; has a short canal which, at ebb-tide, enables vessels of small burden to approach close to the town; possesses two episcopal churches, with other places of worship; a Theatre, Assembly Room, Savings' Bank, and other public buildings; and has several inns noted for their hospitality and attention to strangers, the principal of which are the Sun and Braddyll's Arms. Being situated in the centre of a fertile country, its market, which is held on a Thursday, is considerable, and it may in every respect be regarded as the capital of Furness. Two miles south of the town is Conishead Priory (T. R. G. Braddyll, Esq.), decidedly one of the prettiest places in the country. A little further is the village of Bardsea, to which place steamers from Fleetwood ply daily during the summer months.

From Ulverston to Furness Abbey, by way of Dalton\* (the ancient emporium of Furness), is upwards of six miles, passing on the way some extensive iron ore mines. The Abbey is situated in the narrow and secluded "Glen of Deadly Nightshade," and the extent of the magnificent ruins bear ample testimony of the vast size it has once been. It was founded in 1127 by Stephen, Earl of Mortaign and Boulogne, and afterwards King of England, and is said to have been second in point of magnitude among the monastic establishments belonging to the Cistercians. At the dissolution of monasteries it shared the fate of others, and fell a sacrifice to the avarice of the king. The walls of some portions of the building yet remain, attesting the richness of the gothic architecture and the stability of the workmanship. A fine view of these sublime ruins may be had from an eminence on the eastern side, and equally captivating is that which is seen on first entering the grounds, where, "having passed some modern buildings which are not much in harmony with the character of the scene, we obtain an affecting view of the venerable ruins, having in their front a grassy area, ornamented with an antique dial stand, and enclosed on every side by fine groves of every species of trees. In advancing we gaze with transport upon the great northern window; upon broken arches and stately walls beyond, glimpses of which are caught through the gaping casements; and, finally, upon the belfry, standing in lonely and gloomy magnificence in a nook of the wood-covered hills that close the scene towards the west." † A railway is now open

\* Romney, the distinguished painter, whose works grace many of the gentlemen's seats in this part, was born near to this place, and for some time followed the profession of his father, who was a cabinet-maker.

† Evans's Furness and Furness Abbey.

from Dalton to Barrow, at the southern extremity of Furness, and a hotel has been erected at the Abbey Station for the convenience of visitors, where they meet with every requisite.

The tourist may return to Ulverston by way of Urswick, in the vicinage of which are some Druidical vestiges, afterwards passing Swartmoor Hall, once the residence of George Fox, the first of the Quakers, who built a Friends' meeting-house at this place, which bears the date 1688, and was probably the first of the kind. From Ulverston the road passes through Greenodd, thence proceeds up the left bank of the river Crake to Lowick, from whence it pursues the right bank to its source, Coniston Water, which will shortly be described.

From Bowness to Coniston, by way of Hawkshead, is a distance of nearly ten miles. After crossing the Ferry the tourist passes through the hamlets of Far and Near Sawrey, the latter being a picturesque object at the foot of Esthwaite Lake, from whence the tourist may, at his option, pursue his course either on the eastern or western side. The length of the lake is about two miles, and its breadth never exceeds half a mile. There are two circular peninsulas, one on each side, which, to a distant observer, have the appearance of islands, and are in fact only connected to the shore by a very narrow neck or strip of land. On the eastern side is Lake Field (Mr. Ogden), and Lake Bank (Mr. Badley); on the western side is Esthwaite Hall, once the family seat of the Sandys, and now a farm-house, and Esthwaite Lodge, the residence of Mrs. Beck (widow of the late T. A. Beck, Esq., author of a splendidly-illustrated work entitled "*Annales Furnesienses*," and also an eminent meteorologist); and not far from the upper end the village of Colthouse. Still nearer the head is a

tarn, whereon a small island, in high winds floats from one side to the other.

The town of Hawkshead contains about 800 inhabitants. It has a Free Grammar School, founded by Edwyne Sandys, Archbishop of York, a native of this part, in the year 1585, and was till within half a century back resorted to by students from various parts of the kingdom, and boasts of having educated, while under the superintendence of Mr. Bowman, the poet Wordsworth, his brother, and other eminent characters. In addition to the celebrity which it gained from its excellent school, and the benefits which accrued from the influx of so many scholars, Hawkshead formerly had a considerable market for the sale of woollen yarns, and its fairs were remarkable for the immense number of servants regularly hired at them — masters and servants flocking in from a great distance for that purpose. At that period (which is well remembered by aged persons still living in the neighbourhood) in North Lancashire and Westmorland every family were in the habit of carding and spinning the wool obtained from their own flock, some of which was, in the first place, taken to supply their own necessities, and the remainder sold to purchasers in the Hawkshead market. But modern inventions have annihilated the old spinning wheel, and those changes which have had such an influence over society, and conduced principally to the rise and progress of other places, have been the means of depriving Hawkshead of its popularity and importance. The church, a fine old building, dedicated to St. Michael, stands on an eminence on the southern side, from whence may be had a pleasant view of the adjacent valley and the Lake of Esthwaite. Conveyances may be procured at the Red Lion, and comfortable accommodations may be

found at that and the other inns. The distance from Hawkshead to Ambleside is five miles, to Coniston Waterhead three miles, to Newby Bridge eight miles, and to Ulverston sixteen miles.

About half a mile from Hawkshead the road to Coniston diverges from that to Ambleside at Hawkshead Hall, an ancient building, where, during the existence of Furness Abbey, the abbot's bailiff exercised temporal jurisdiction, in a room still to be seen above the gateway; and a few clerical monks, whose duty it was to perform divine service in the church and attend to the spiritual necessities of the neighbourhood, were also located here. At a little distance to the right is Bellemont (Dr. Whittaker), commanding a good view of the vale and lake of Esthwaite, and the country in that direction, as far as Gummerstown, at the foot of Windermere. In ascending the hill between this place and Coniston are seen the mountains at the head of Windermere — Loughrigg, Rydal Fell, Fairfield, Kirkstone, and still further southward Wansfell, and Hill Bell. On descending, the vale, lake, and village of Coniston meet the eye, closed in by the Old Man and other abrupt hills to the west. Before reaching the level, Waterhead House (the property of J. Marshall, Esq.) is passed on the left, and soon afterwards is reached Waterhead Inn, at the head of the lake, where tourists can be supplied with boats, conveyances, guides, &c. A little further is the village of Church Coniston, where are also two inns (the Crown and Black Bull), where visitors may also meet with comfortable quarters and other requisites. The Waterhead Inn is upwards of seven miles from Ambleside, and nearly sixteen from Ulverston.

Coniston, or Thurston Water, is six miles in length, and in some places measures three quarters of a mile in breadth. Its margin is regular, and

not so diversified as that of Windermere, while its surface is only adorned by two small islands (near to the eastern shore), whose appearance are not calculated to add much to the beauty of the lake. Its waters supply trout, char, &c., the last-named being considered larger and of a finer quality than any to be found in the kingdom. A stream running from Yewdale, and another from Tilberthwaite, are its principal feeders, but it has also some smaller tributaries flowing from the tarns — Levers Water, Lows Water, and Goats Water — on the sides of the Old Man mountain. The outlet is called the Crake, which after passing through Lowick, Spark Bridge, and Penny Bridge, where its waters are turned to account, it unites with the Leven, from Windermere, on the sands at Greenodd.

Like Windermere, it has a carriage road running entirely round its margin. Looking from towards the foot on this road the scenery surpasses any thing in the lake district for grandeur and sublimity. particularly if viewed from the eastern shore. Commencing at the southern end on this side we pass through the hamlet of Nibthwaite, near which is Water Park (R. Town, Esq.), and then successively by Brentwood Cottage, Coniston Bank, and Tent Lodge, once the abode of Elizabeth Smith, the eminent Hebrew scholar and poetess. The high hills of Coniston, and the steep craggy heights of Yewdale, are conspicuous objects on this side, and near to the head may be had a good view of the village of Coniston, and Coniston Hall, the ancient seat of the Flemings, now at Rydal. On the western side are the hamlets of Blawith and Torver.

Fine views may also be obtained from the surface of the lake. West speaks of a place about two miles from the head, where, “looking towards the moun-





Cotton Hall.





tains, the lake spreads itself into a noble expanse of transparent water, and bursts into a bay on each side, bordered with verdant meadows, and inclosed with a variety of grounds, rising in an exceedingly bold manner. The objects are beautifully diversified amongst themselves, and contrasted by the finest exhibition of rural elegance (cultivation and pasturage, waving woods and sloping inclosures, adorned by nature and improved by art), under the bold sides of stupendous mountains, whose airy summits the elevated eye cannot now reach, and which almost deny access to the human kind."

Several highly interesting rambles may be made from Coniston. To the northward lie the vales of Yewdale and Tilberthwaite, the former remarkable for its crags and venerable tree, and the latter having extensive slate quarries amongst its woods and wild scenery.

The ascent to the Old Man (probably so called from the pile of stones on its summit) is a somewhat difficult and fatiguing task, but when once achieved the labour is soon forgotten, and the attention rivetted to the varied and far-extending prospects which present themselves to the eye of the spectator. To the northward are rocky and majestic mountains of different altitudes, while in the opposite direction, there being no interposing obstacles, the eye can range along the bays and promontories of the Lancashire and part of the Cumberland coast — can see the small islands at the southern extremity of Furness, with the Isle of Man, and, on a fine clear day, the dim outlines of Snowdon and other Welch mountains. On the eastern side are seen the vale and lake of Coniston, with a portion of Windermere. The estimated height is 2,477 feet. The easiest ascent is by way of Torver, but the nearest from Coniston is past the copper mines

and slate quarries, the former of which have been worked from time immemorial, with the exception of a brief period during the time of the civil wars, and at present employ a large number of workmen. Veins of the same mineral run in opposite directions, one portion extending towards Seathwaite, and the other towards Hawkshead, but this is the only place where any profitable attempts have been made to work them.

Another exceedingly pleasant trip might be made into the vales of Seathwaite and Dunnerdale, on the banks of the river Duddon, a distance of five miles, by way of Walna Scar. The last-named valley is embosomed amid rude and sublime mountain scenery; and not one of its least interesting objects is its small chapel, where the “wonderful Walker”\*

\* The Rev. Robert Walker, the excellent person here alluded to, was born at Under Crag, in Seathwaite, in 1709. He was the youngest of twelve children, and, being of a weak constitution his parents contrived to give him a limited education. This done he became master of a school at Lowes Water, where, by the assistance of some neighbouring gentlemen, he gained such a knowledge of the classics as enabled him to take holy orders. These obtained, he was installed in the curacy of Seathwaite, which at that time yielded him five pounds per annum. Having received forty pounds with his wife he furnished the parsonage with it, and entered upon his duties. In addition to his meagre salary, he received a trifle for teaching a school, which he did within the rails of the altar, at the same time attending to his spinning-wheel. By a life of unexampled industry and frugality he succeeded in bringing up a large family, and setting them forward in the world, and at his death, in 1802, was possessed of two thousand pound in money, besides a number of webs of linen and woollen of his own spinning. This was not the fruit of avarice; for his hand was ever ready to assist the poor and necessitous, and even what he received for teaching school was given voluntarily, no charge being made. He was universally revered, and his opinion on matters of importance sought after for a considerable distance. His disinterested and self-denying qualities may be traced in the following answer to the Bishop of Chester, when offered the curacy of Ulpha in addition to his own. —“The chapel of Seathwaite and Ulpha annexed together would

(a name familiar to the readers of Wordsworth) performed the duties of his calling : —

“ Whose good works formed an endless retinue ;  
A pastor such as Chaucer's verse portrays ;  
Such as the heaven-taught skill of Herbert drew ;  
And tender Goldsmith crowned with deathless praise.”

The Duddon has its rise on Bowfell, and after meandering through a picturesque and romantic tract of country enters the Duddon Sands near Broughton-in-Furness. Wordsworth has composed several sonnets on this river, the following of which, representing its peaceful and troubled character, we have been tempted to transcribe : —

“ The old inventive poets had they seen,  
Or rather felt the entrancement that detains  
Thy waters, Duddon ! 'mid these flowery plains,  
The still repose, the liquid lapse serene,  
Transferred to bowers imperishably green,  
Had beautified Elysium ! But these chains  
Will soon be broken ; — a rough course remains,  
Rough as the past ; where, Thou of placid mien,  
Innocuous as the firstling of the flock,  
And countenanced like a soft cerulean sky,  
Shalt change thy temper, and with many a shock  
Given and received in mutual jeopardy,  
Dance, like a Bacchanal, from rock to rock,  
Tossing her frantic thyrsus wide and high.”

From Coniston the next move is generally to Ambleside (eight miles), portions of which road have already been spoken of. Ambleside is an ancient chartered town, and contains a population of upwards of one thousand. Its streets have a confused and irregular appearance, but, being built on an elevated ground, command good prospects of the adjoining country. The leading inns are the Salu-

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be apt to cause a general discontent among the inhabitants of both places ; by either thinking themselves slighted, being only served alternately, or neglected in the duty, or attributing it to covetousness in me ; all which occasions of murmuring I would willingly avoid.”

tation and Commercial, besides which there are others where travellers can be accommodated, as well as at a number of private houses, specially fitted up for lake visitors. Boats of various kinds are kept by the different inns for the convenience of tourists. The vicinage in every direction is adorned by a number of pretty villas, and the various little walks in the neighbourhood abound with rich and enchanting scenery. A very interesting ceremony, called the Rush-bearing, takes place at Ambleside annually, on the eve of the last Sunday in July, being probably the relic of some ancient custom which has now, with one or two exceptions, fallen into desuetude. On the day in question the girls of the town and its neighbourhood, preceded by music, carry garlands of flowers to the church, where they are tastefully deposited until the following day, when a sermon is preached befitting the occasion. On a fine bright day this exhibition has a very lively and picturesque appearance.

From Ambleside numerous excursions may be made in different directions, which for variety and interest are not to be excelled in the lake district. We will first speak of that through the Langdales by way of Skelwith Bridge, a road, however, it should be remembered, that is only passable for light conveyances. After passing through Clappersgate the tourist may either proceed on the right or left bank of the river Brathay to Skelwith Bridge (three miles), where there is an inn, and a little further up the river, Skelwith Force, a cascade of moderate height, but always having a plentiful supply of water, and encompassed by splendid scenery. A mile further there is a fine view of Elterwater, shortly after which the road passes through Colwith Bridge, and near to Colwith Force, another

cascade with a fall of nearly seventy feet. Instead of taking the road to Elterwater at this place it is usual to proceed by Little Langdale Tarn to Blea Tarn (five miles from Skelwith Bridge), situated in

“ A little lowly vale —  
A lowly vale, and yet uplifted high  
Among the mountains.”

This place has been faithfully depicted by Wordsworth, in his “Excursion,”

“ A spot that lies  
Among yon mountain fastnesses concealed,”

and is the abode of his “Solitary.” Leaving this tarn to the left, the road shortly begins to descend steeply into Great Langdale, which from this position, is a beautiful object, and the Langdale Pikes present themselves in towering magnificence. These peculiarly-formed mountains are named the Pike of Stickle and Harrison Stickle, the latter being 2,400 feet above the level of the sea, and commanding some good prospects towards Rydal and the head of Windermere, while from the summit of its neighbour may be seen Bassenthwaite Lake, with Skiddaw and other hills in that direction. Between these two hills flows a stream, which at one place falls through a deep chasm a height of sixty feet, having over it a natural arch. This is called Dungeon Gill, and is the scene of Wordsworth’s “Idle Shepherd Boys,” where

“ Into a chasm a mighty block  
Hath fallen and made a bridge of rock.  
The gulph is deep below,  
And in a basin black and small,  
Receives a lofty waterfall.”

Returning down Great Langdale the road passes the extensive slate quarries at Thrang Crag, and shortly afterwards the chapel, where the lamented Owen Lloyd officiated for twelve years. In the chapel-yard there is a poetical epitaph, composed

by Wordsworth, to his memory. The distance from here to Ambleside is somewhere about five miles. The road generally preferred branches from that to Loughrigg to the left at a short distance from the chapel, and in ascending the hill views of Langdale, Elterwater, Loughrigg Tarn, and a portion of Windermere are obtained. When the summit is gained the vale of Grasmere,

“Tranquil and shut out

From all the strife that shakes a jarring world,”

is presented to the eye; but the road leaves the valley to the left, and passes Rydal Water on the same side, near to which it joins the turnpike, and a mile further brings you once more to Ambleside. The other road, which is the only one practicable for carriages, passes by the powder mills near to Elterwater, thence close to Loughrigg Tarn, and afterwards by the river Brathay and through Clappersgate, a distance about equal to the route mentioned above, but inferior in the extent and variety of its prospects.

The short walks in the neighbourhood of Ambleside are of an exceedingly attractive character. A few hundred yards from the town is Stock Gill Force, a cascade, or rather a succession of four cascades, which together fall seventy feet. Stock Gill Beck rises not far from Kirkstone, and in its passage, till it unites with the Rothay, has a number of pretty falls, meandering through rich picturesque scenery. “Sometimes,” says Green, “confined to a narrow channel, the water, impatient of resistance, dashes impetuously down the steep crag to a momentary rest; but oftener spanning the little channel, in soothing and gentle motion, slips over the smooth rocks, thereby softening into beauty all their original tints by its transparency. The margin of this gill is sometimes low, sometimes

swelling, but oftener in steep and grassy banks, or bold projecting rocks rising to a vast height; the native woods in a wild intricacy, impend from the rocks, which are additionally clothed with fern, moss, and other vegetation."

The pedestrian desirous of taking an extensive view of the country may climb to the summit of Fairfield, nearly three thousand feet above the level of the sea, the way to which passes by Rydal Mount; or he may ascend Wansfell Pike,\* which, although only rising fifteen hundred feet above Windermere, possesses prospects equal to those of its more lofty neighbours. From its summit may be seen Windermere, Grasmere, and Rydal Lakes, the towns of Ambleside and Hawkshead, and at a greater distance portions of Morecambe Bay and the towering hills of Langdale and Coniston; or a still easier trip might be taken to Loughrigg Fell (1000 feet above Windermere) by way of Clappersgate, a route which would amply repay the slight difficulties experienced in accomplishing it.

Those who love to linger among the relics of by-gone ages, and roam in imagination

"Through the dark backward and abysm of time,"

\* Wordsworth has dedicated the following sonnet to this mountain:—

"Wansfell! this Household has a favoured lot,  
Living with liberty on thee to gaze,  
To watch while morn first crowns thee with her rays,  
Or when along thy breast serenely float  
Evening's angelic clouds. Yet ne'er a note  
Hath sounded (shame upon the Bard!) thy praise,  
For all that thou, as if from heaven, hadst brought  
Of glory lavished on our quiet days.  
Bountiful Son of Earth! when we are gone  
From every object dear to mortal sight,  
As soon we shall be, may these words attest  
How oft, to elevate our spirits, shone  
Thy visionary majesties of light,  
How in thy pensive glooms our hearts found rest."



should visit the Roman station at the head of Windermere, some slight traces of which are yet to be discerned. This fort has been ascertained to be the *Dictis* of the Notitia, and, according to West, was erected for the purpose of protecting some works established here for the refinement of the copper ore procured in High Furness, as well as to superintend the different roads on which the metals of this part were conveyed to York. From this place there were undoubtedly roads to Dalton-in-Furness; to the Concangium at Water Crook, near Kendal; and to Arbeia at Moresby, in Cumberland. The length of the building is stated to have been 396 feet, and the breadth 240 feet, being an exact parallelogram, and the shorter side being nearest the lake. Several antique articles have been found at different times, attesting it to have been a Roman fort, and a small collection of coins found here are now deposited in the library of the University of Oxford.

From Ambleside the tourist can cross the pass of Kirkstone,

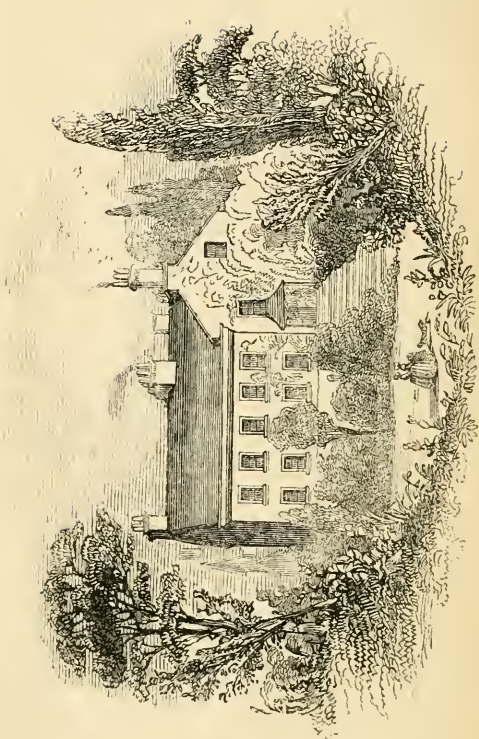
“ Where, save the rugged road, we find  
No appanage of human kind,”

and proceed by the inn at Patterdale (ten miles) to Ullswater; but as that lake, as well as the vale, may be best viewed from the other end, we will notice it after describing the route by way of Rydal and Grasmere to Keswick.

The distance from Ambleside to Rydal, on the Keswick road, is one and a half miles; but the pedestrian might proceed along the banks of the Rothay, entering the fields at Rothay bridge, a more circuitous route, but one that winds among scenery of a richer and more diversified character. This road passes Fox Ghyll (Hornby Roughsedge, Esq.), Fox Howe (Mrs. Arnold), and other tasteful







Rydal Mount.

villas, and enters the highway a few hundred yards from Rydal. A fine retrospective view may be had of Ambleside, and at different points on this road may be seen Fairfield rising before, and Kirkstone on the right of the traveller, while, still nearer, Rydal Hall and Rydal Mount are attractive objects.

The pretty village of Rydal is situated at the foot of Rydal Water, in a confined yet exceedingly beautiful valley. The neat chapel which is seen on first entering was built at the sole expense of Lady le Fleming, to whom Wordsworth addressed a poem, on seeing the foundation prepared for its erection. Near to the village, in a splendid park, is Rydal Hall, the patrimonial seat of the above-named lady. The road leading to the hall passes near to Rydal Mount, the residence of Wordsworth, a correct representation of which will be found in the accompanying engraving.

The house of the laureate is an unpretending cottage-like building, partially covered by ivy, and surrounded by scenery of incomparable beauty. From the grounds, which have been laid out, and principally planted, in a tasteful manner, by Wordsworth himself, may be had glimpses of Windermere, and fine views of other parts of the district. In short, the spot is just what the reader of Wordsworth might anticipate from his writings, over which no doubt it has shed its genial influence. Mrs. Sigourney's lines on the occasion of her visit to this place bear testimony to the beauty of the country without, and the domestic harmony which prevailed within, the dwelling of the poet : —

“ Thee, too, I found within thy sylvan dell,  
Whose music thrilled my heart when life was new,  
Wordsworth ! mid cliff and stream and cultured rose,  
In love with Nature's self, and she with thee,  
Thy ready hand, that from the landscape culled  
Its long familiar charms. rock, tree, and spire,

With kindness half paternal, leading on  
My stranger footsteps through the garden walk,  
Mid shrubs and flowers that from thy planting grew ;  
The group of dear ones gathering round thy board —  
She, the first friend, still as in youth beloved,  
The daughter, sweet companion, sons mature,  
And favourite grandchild, with his treasured phrase —  
The evening lamp, that o'er thy silver locks  
And ample brow fell fitfully, and touched  
Thy lifted eye with earnestness of thought,  
Are with me as a picture, ne'er to fade,  
Till death shall darken all material things."

Here, then, in his rural retreat, surrounded by exquisite beauty and sublimity, enjoying domestic happiness, peace, and leisure, endowed with rare abilities, and favoured by fortune with the means of pursuing his high avocation, does Wordsworth compose and give to the world those productions which are universally admired and applauded. With a genius to discern what ordinary minds have no conception of, his most touching themes are drawn from common life : he has left the beaten track, and has linked the lowliest and humblest of Nature's productions to imperishable verse. An eminent writer observes, "the grand truth which pervades his poetry is, that the beautiful is not confined to the rare, the new, the distant, to scenery and modes of life open only to the few ; but that it is poured forth profusely on the common earth and sky, that it gleams from the lowliest flower, that it lights up the humblest sphere, that the sweetest affections lodge in holy hearts, that there is sacredness, dignity, and loveliness in lives which few eyes rest on, that even in the absence of all intellectual culture, the domestic relations can nourish that disinterestedness which is the element of all true greatness, and without which intellectual power is a splendid deformity. Wordsworth is the poet of humanity ; he teaches reverence for our universal nature ; he

breaks down the factitious barriers between human hearts."

To view the two waterfalls at Rydal it is necessary to take a conductor from the village. The higher is a considerable fall, rolling down a perpendicular rock, at first much contracted, and afterwards spreading into a broader sheet, and dashing into the dark basin at its foot. The lower fall is viewed from the window of a summer-house, and presents a scene of indescribable beauty. This pretty cascade is thus described by Wordsworth in a juvenile poem entitled "An Evening Walk : " —

"Then while I wandered where the huddling rill  
Brightens with water-breaks the hollow ghyll  
As by enchantment, an obscure retreat  
Opened at once, and stayed my devious feet,  
While thick about the rill the branches close,  
In rocky basin its wild waves repose,  
Inverted shrubs, and moss of gloomy green,  
Cling from the rocks, with pale wood-weeds between ;  
And its own twilight softens the whole scene,  
Save where aloft the subtle sunbeams shine  
On withered briars that o'er the crags recline ;  
Save where with sparkling foam a small cascade,  
Illumines, from within, the leafy shade ;  
Beyond, along the vista of the brook,  
Where antique roots its bustling course o'erlook,  
The eye reposes on a secret bridge  
Half grey, half shagged with ivy to its ridge."

Mr Gilpin also describes this spot as an excellent subject for the pencil. "The dark colour of the stone, taking still a deeper tinge from the wood which hangs over it, sets off to wonderful advantage, the sparkling lustre of the stream, and produces an uncommon effect of light. It is this effect, indeed, from which the chief beauty of this little exhibition arises. In every representation truly picturesque, the shade should greatly overbalance the light. The face of nature under the glow of noon, has rarely this beautiful appearance. The artist therefore generally

courts her charms in a morning or an evening hour, when the shadows are deep and extended, and when the sloping sun-beam affords rather a catching, than a glaring light. Here we have an admirable idea of the magical effect of light picturesquely distributed."

Rydal Water is only about half a mile in length, and its breadth probably not more than four or five hundred yards. Its surface is graced by two small islands, and its banks are adorned by woods and green fields, surmounted by Nab Scar on the North, and Loughrigg Fell on the South. The lake cannot be viewed to advantage from the main road, but better views may be had by following the foot path to Grasmere, under Nab Scar, or the road under Loughrigg Fell, already spoken of.

From Rydal to Grasmere (one mile and half on the main road) the tourist passes White Moss Quarry, near to which two old roads branch off to the right, which the person on foot would find to possess two advantages, being both shorter, and passing over more elevated ground, commanding better prospects of the surrounding scenery. On the lower of these roads is the Wishing Gate, so called from its being believed in the neighbourhood that every thing here wished for is sure to be realised. Wordsworth has written a poem on this gate, from which we extract the following verses :—

"Yea! even the stranger from afar  
Reclining on the moss grown bar,  
Unknowing and unknown,  
The infection of the ground partakes,  
Longing for his beloved, who makes  
All happiness her own.  
Then why should conscious spirits fear  
The mystic stirrings that are here,  
The ancient faith disclaim?  
The local genius ne'er befriends  
Designs whose course in folly ends,  
Whose just reward is shame.

Smile, if thou wilt, but not in scorn,  
 If some by ceaseless pains outworn,  
     Here crave an easier lot;  
 If some have thirsted to renew  
 A broken vow, or bind a true  
     With firmer, holier knot.  
 And not in vain when thoughts are cast  
 Upon the irrevocable past, —  
     Some penitent sincere  
 May for a worthier future sigh  
 While trickles from his downcast eye  
     No unavailing tear.  
 The worldling pining to be freed  
 From turmoil, who would turn or speed  
     The current of his fate,  
 Might stop before this favour'd scene  
 At nature's call, nor blush to lean  
     Upon the Wishing Gate."

The new road skirts along the margin of Grasmere lake, which is somewhat larger than Rydal Mere. Being entirely encircled by mountains, it may be viewed with good effect from almost any position, and in this respect differs from most of the other lakes, which are generally seen to the best advantage when the spectator is looking from towards the foot. A verdant island of about four acres in extent, rises boldly from the surface, and is used for pasturage. Near to the head of the lake are a few houses, bearing the name of Town End, one of which was inhabited by Wordsworth for eight years, who here composed several of those pieces, which have rendered his name so familiar. That the laureate was greatly attached to this spot may be inferred from his "Farewell," written while about to leave for a short time, in which he speaks of the

"Happy garden! whose seclusion deep  
 Had been so friendly to industrious hours;"

but indeed there is scarcely an object of interest in the vale but has found a place in his works. One of these houses was also once occupied by Mr. De

Quincey. At Town End the road, deviating to the left, leads to the village of Grasmere, where there is an inn, the "Red Lion," which supplies post horses and light conveyances, and a temporary stay can either be made there or at "The Swan," on the Keswick road. A hydropathic establishment flourishes here, under the superintendence of Dr. L. Stummes. The parish church is dedicated to St. Oswald. Overlooking the village, in a pleasant situation, is Allan Bank, a neat villa, occupied by Thomas Dawson, Esq., also once the residence of the poet Wordsworth.

The beauties of Grasmere have been noticed by several eminent writers, who have at different times visited here. Mr. Gray, in 1769, mentions the "peace, rusticity, and happy poverty" of the vale; and Housman, West, Gilpin, and Hutchinson have each described it according to his peculiar taste and style. Mrs. Hemans speaks of it as a

"Fair scene

Most loved by evening and her dewy star!

Oh! ne'er may man, with touch unhallowed, jar

The perfect music of the charm serene."

Mrs. Sigourney has also recorded her visit to Grasmere in her "Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands:" —

"And thy pure lake,

Spreading its waveless breast of azure out

'Tween thee and us, pencil, nor lip of man

May fitly show its loveliness. The soul

Doth hoard it as a gem, and fancy-led

Explore its curving shores, its lovely isle,

That, like an emerald clasped in crystal, sleeps."

The tourist stationed at Grasmere might make an excursion to the vale and tarn of Eskdale, the latter being engulfed in the hills between Silver How and Helm Crag. The stream issuing from this tarn flows into Grasmere Lake, and not far from its source makes a frothy waterfall, called



Sour Milk Gill. Some hardy pedestrians are in the habit of ascending the Langdale Pikes from this valley, by way of Stickle Tarn, and others prefer reaching Borrowdale and Keswick either by passing over Codale Fell, or by crossing the Stake Pass.

Visits might be made from Grasmere into the Langdales, or, by a mountain path of eight miles, to Patterdale and Ullswater. The short walks in the immediate vicinity would also be found rife in interest. The proximate mountains are Helm Crag, rising to the north, with an exceedingly singular and fantastic apex, which Wordsworth imagines represents an

“ Ancient Woman,  
Cowering besides her rifted Cell ;”

Silver How to the West ; and Nab Sear to the east ; while a few miles distant to the north towers Helvellyn and Fairfield to the north-east.

Helvellyn may be ascended on its western side from three places, Grasmere, Wythburn, and Legberthwaite ; and, on its eastern side, from Patterdale. From the first and last named places a portion of the way may be traversed on horseback ; but the shortest ascent and the one most frequently made is from Wythburn, and can only be made by persons on foot. Helvellyn has been found to be 3,055 feet above the level of the sea, and commands better arranged and more extensive prospects than any other mountain in the district, overlooking the principal lakes and mountains for a large circuit, and from some positions having views of the ocean between the hills to the south-west. There are three tarns on Helvellyn—the Red Tarn, one of the highest of the mountain tarns, being upwards of 2000 feet above the sea, and covering a space of twenty acres ; Keppel Cove Tarn, situated on the opposite side of Swirrel Edge, the stream from which

unites with that from Red Tarn at the foot of the peak called Catchedecam, together forming the brook of Glenridding ; and Grisedale Tarn, placed at the foot of Helvellyn, Seatsandal, and Fairfield. Trout of superior quality are found in all these Tarns. The pedestrian making the ascent from Patterdale, sometimes passes along Striding Edge, a narrow path, with steep, frightful precipices on each side. It was here that Mr. Charles Gough, of Manchester, (one of those lovers of Nature who study her in all her forms), met with his death in the spring of 1805. He was attempting to cross over from Patterdale, after a fall of snow, and whether some accident befell him, or in this lonely place he fell a victim to hunger, is unknown ; but when found, three months after his loss, a faithful dog that attended him, was keeping watch by the side of his remains, having done so without any apparent sustenance for the whole time. This incident, strikingly exemplifying the enduring patience and fidelity of the canine species, has formed the subject of two beautiful poems, one by Scott, and the other by Wordsworth, from the former of which we have extracted the two following verses :—

“ Dark-green was the spot, mid the brown mountain heather,  
Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretched in decay,  
Like the corpse of an outcast, abandoned to weather,  
Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless clay,  
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,  
For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,  
The much loved remains of his master defended,  
And chased the hill fox and the raven away.

“ How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber,  
When the wind waved his garments, how oft didst thou start,  
How many long days and long nights didst thou number,  
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart.  
And oh ! was it meet, that—no requiem read o’er him,  
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,  
And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before him,—  
Unhonoured the Pilgrim from life should depart.”

Pursuing the Keswick road from Grasmere, the tourist has to ascend Dunmail Raise, a pass of considerable elevation, but the lowest in a long chain of mountains, extending from Black Comb in Cumberland into the county of Durham. From the highest part may be had a fine retrospect of the vale of Grasmere, and the country in that direction for a considerable distance, while in front may be seen the upper portion of Skiddaw. A wall here separates Cumberland from Westmorland; and a large pile of stones is supposed to be the cairn of Dunmail, "last King of rocky Cumberland," who was here discomfited by Edmund, the Saxon monarch, about the middle of the tenth century. Shortly after descending, the traveller comes in view of Thirlmere or Leathes Water (so called from being the property of T. S. Leathes, Esq., of Dalehead House), before reaching which the road passes between the small humble chapel of Wythburn and the Horse Head Inn, where a temporary stay is frequently made. From here to Grasmere is upwards of three miles, to Ambleside a little more than eight miles, and to Keswick about the same distance. Helvellyn rises steeply close to the right, and the ascent from here, being shorter than from any other place, is generally adopted.

Thirlmere is situated higher than any of the other lakes, being about 500 feet above the sea, and its depth in some places exceeds 100 feet. About the middle the shores are so contracted that a wooden bridge spans from one side to the other, giving it the appearance of two lakes. On the northern part is an island, covered with wood, of about half an acre extent. Its banks are irregular, and some of the rocky promontories are considered as fine objects.

Pedestrians sometimes are induced to deviate from the direct road at this place, and reach Kes-

wick by crossing Armboth Fells to Watendlath, and along the banks of Derwent Lake; but although Skiddaw and Helvellyn are seen to advantage, and the mountain scenery is exceedingly grand on this route, yet, as the path is scarcely distinguishable, without a guide, the stranger would be apt to get out of the proper direction, and subject himself to considerable inconvenience.

Leaving Wythburn, the road passes along the margin of Thirlmere, and shortly after ascending a steep hill, the Vale of St. John is seen before, with Saddleback in the distance. At Legberthwaite (six miles from Keswick) there is another inn, where the main road takes a turn to the left, that to the right passing through St. John's Vale to Threlkeld. From the summit of Castlerigg, on the Keswick road, fine views are obtained of Derwent, and part of Bassenthwaite Lakes, with the town and vale of Keswick, and the surrounding mountains.

There is another approach to Keswick from Ambleside, sometimes made by visitors, viz., over Wrynose and Hardknott to Wast Water, thence over the Sty Head Pass, a distance of upwards of forty miles. This road passes through Clappersgate, Skelwith, and Colwith Bridges, already noticed, thence past Fell Foot, and over Wrynose, on the summit of which the counties of Cumberland, Westmorland, and Lancashire unite, at a place called the Three Shire Stones. Hence it passes Cockley Beck, crossing the vale of Seathwaite, and ascends Hardknott, from whence there is a longer descent into Eskdale, about half way down which it passes close to the remains of Hardknott Castle. Views of some of the highest of the lake mountains are had from this neighbourhood, and altogether the mountain scenery is of surpassing grandeur. In





View of Heswick.

Eskdale there are, at no great distance from the road, two noted Water-falls, Birker Force and Stanley Gill, the former "being a stream of water emitted between lofty rocks, and pouring from a great elevation down the hill side in a stripe of foam," and the latter falling "in successive cascades, over granite rocks, which rise on each side to a stupendous height, and are finely ornamented with trees, and fringed with a profusion of bilberry, and other plants, rooted in the crevices."\* From Eskdale the road proceeds to Santon Bridge, at which place, turning to the right, it passes the Strand, nearly at the foot of Wast Water, where are two inns affording refreshment for the tourist. The distance from Ambleside to this place is twenty two miles. Wast Water is three miles in length, and upwards of half a mile in breadth. Its depth has never been rightly ascertained, but it is said in some places to exceed five hundred feet. Probably the reason of its never freezing over is on account of its immense depth. The mountains by which it is encircled—the Screes, Scawfell, Seatallan, &c., are majestic and prominent objects. From Wast Water the road is over Sty Head Pass, the highest in the district, and thence through Seathwaite and Borrowdale to Keswick, a distance of somewhere about twenty miles.

The town of Keswick is situated in a large and beautiful valley, a mile from Derwent, and about three miles from Bassenthwaite Lake. It contains about 2,400 inhabitants, and its manufactures are linsey-woolsey stuffs, and black-lead pencils, made from the plumbago procured in the mines of Borrowdale. The principal inns are the Royal Oak, Queen's Head, and King's Arms, besides which there are a number of private houses where lodg-

\* Otley.



ings may be had. Two museums, kept by Messrs. Hutton and Crosthwaite, are well worth attention, containing many curiosities, local and general, and an assortment of minerals, which are kept on sale. There are also other mineral dealers in the town. A Model of the Lake District, executed by Mr. Flintoff, is an interesting object. Its dimensions are twelve feet nine inches by nine feet three inches, on a scale of three inches to a mile; and it represents the district with great accuracy and minuteness, each object being coloured according to nature. In the centre of the town is the Town Hall, the clock-bell in which (brought from Lord's Island) bears the date of 1001. A new church, of a tasteful construction, was erected here, not long ago, by the late John Marshall, Esq., since which the family of that gentleman has added a school and parsonage house. The parish, or Crosthwaite church, is three quarters of a mile from the town, in a north-westerly direction, and is dedicated to St. Kentigern. In the interior is a recumbent effigy, in white marble, of the late Dr. Southey, and beneath the following inscription by Wordsworth:—

“Ye vales and hills whose beauty hither drew  
The poet's steps, and fixed him here, on you  
His eyes have closed! And ye, loved books, no more  
Shall Southey feed upon your precious lore,  
To works that ne'er shall forfeit their renown  
Adding immortal labours of his own—  
Whether he traced historic truth, with zeal  
For the State's guidance, or the Church's weal,  
Or Fancy, disciplined by studious art,  
Informed his pen, or wisdom of the heart,  
Or judgments sanctioned in the Patriot's mind  
By reverence for the rights of all mankind.  
Wide were his aims, yet in no human breast  
Could private feelings meet for holier rest.  
His joys, his griefs, have vanished like a cloud  
From Skiddaw's top; but he to heaven has vowed  
Through his industrious life, and Christian faith  
Calmed in his soul the fear of change and death.”



Keswick may be regarded as a centre from whence excursionary lines branch off in all directions. In the immediate neighbourhood of the town are several neat villas, and the short walks are of an exceedingly delightful character. Greta Hall, the residence of the late Dr. Southey, is in a pretty situation at the northern end of the town, and near to the Greta river.

Derwent Water is upwards of three miles in length, and in some places exceeds a mile and a half in breadth. It is beautified by several islands, well wooded, and disposed at agreeable distances. Lord's Isle, the largest, situated under Wallow Crag, contains about six acres, and was, previous to the rebellion in 1715, the selected abode of the family of Derwentwater; but James, the third Earl, having engaged in the rebellion, he was in consequence attainted and beheaded on Tower Hill, and this island, with the small one now named Rampsholm, as well as the rest of his estates, were forfeited, and vested in trustees for the support of Greenwich Hospital, from whom they were purchased by the late John Marshall, Esq., of Leeds. Vicar's Isle, the residence of James Henry, Esq., is nearly of equal dimensions with Lord's Isle, and is adorned with tasteful pleasure grounds. Herbert's Isle, nearly in the middle of the lake, is stated to have been inhabited by St. Herbert (friend and contemporary of St. Cuthbert), who died in 687. Some remains of his cell are still to be recognised. What is termed the Floating Island is a phenomenon which it is difficult to account for, as it only comes to the surface at varying periods—sometimes being observable for some portion of each successive year, and at others not appearing for two, three, or four years. It is situated about 150 yards from the shore near to Lowdore. It is composed of earthy matter, covered with vegetation, and contains a considerable quantity of air,

which undoubtedly causes its buoyancy. "The most probable conclusion seems to be, that air or gas is generated in the body of the island by decomposition of the vegetable matter of which it is formed; and thus gas being produced most copiously, as well as being more rarified in hot weather, the earth at length becomes so much distended therewith, as to render the mass of less weight than an equal bulk of water. The water then insinuating itself between the substratum of clay and the peat earth forming the island, bears it to the surface, where it continues for a time; till, partly by the escape of the gas, partly by its absorption, and partly by its condensation, consequent on a decrease of heat, the volume is reduced; and the earth gradually sinks to its former level, where it remains till a sufficient accumulation of gas again renders it buoyant."\* The lake is 228 feet above the level of the sea, and its depth is never more than between eighty and ninety feet. Its principal feeder flows from Borrowdale, but it is also supplied from the mountains on each side, and after a continuation of heavy rain sometimes rises to seven or eight feet above its ordinary level. Its waters produce trout, pike, perch, and eel, the right of fishing and navigating on the eastern side belonging to the Derwentwater estate, and on the western side to the Earl of Egremont.

The circuit of Derwent Water, by way of Borrowdale, is not more than twelve or thirteen miles, and forms a most interesting and attractive excursion. Passing Castle Head, Wallow Crag, and Falcon Crag, Barrow House, amid fine old trees, is reached (about two miles from Keswick), where is a fine perpendicular waterfall, 124 feet in height. Shortly before reaching this place a road branches off to the

\* Otley's Guide.

left into the secluded vale of Watendlath, at the head of which is a tarn, covering about a dozen acres. Pursuing the main road one mile from Barrow is the Lowdore Inn, behind which is the noted cascade, falling among large blocks of stone, a height of 360 feet, and presenting, with its picturesque accompaniments, the finest scene of the kind in the lake district. Immediately on the left of this fall Gowder Crag rises five hundred feet, and Shepherd Crag, on the opposite side, of less elevation, is decked with various kinds of trees. A spot at the head of the fall is pointed out, from whence between these two crags may be had an enchanting view of a portion of Derwent Water and its islands, the vale of Keswick, part of Bassenthwaite, and the towering Skiddaw overlooking the whole. The stream forming this cataract issues from Watendlath and Blea Tarns. Two miles further is the celebrated Bowder Stone, an immense block, which has undoubtedly at some distant period rolled from the adjacent heights. It measures sixty feet in length, is thirty-six feet high, and eighty-four in circumference, and has been computed to weigh nearly 1,800 tons. Its position is extremely singular, representing

“A stranded ship, with keel upturned, that rests  
Careless of winds and waves.”

A good view is obtained of the upper part of Borrowdale from this point, having the wooded elevation of Castle Crag, (once the site of a Roman fortification), on the right, and Eagle Crag, Glaramara, and Scawfell Pike in front. From here the tourist begins to return, crosses Grange Bridge, and passes on the western side of the lake, through the hamlet of Manesty, where is a small medicinal spring, thence under the hill called Cat Bells, and through the village of Portinscales, which is only distant one mile and a half from Keswick.

To the west and south-west of Keswick are the lakes of Lowes Water, Crummock, Buttermere, and Ennerdale, which are sometimes visited by tourists who have sufficient time at their disposal. We will here briefly advert to them, and point out the road by which they are generally approached.

The best route from Keswick to Buttermere is through Borrowdale, which has already been spoken of as far as the Bowder Stone (five miles). From that place the tourist passes through Rosthwaite to Seatoller (three miles further), not far from which are the celebrated black-lead mines, and in the vicinity four yew trees of extraordinary dimensions, which, according to Wordsworth, are

“ Joined in one solemn and capacious grove ;  
Huge trunks ! — and each particular trunk a growth  
Of intertwined fibres, serpentine,  
Upcoiling and inveterately convolved,  
Nor uninformed with phantasy, and looks  
That threaten the profane.”

The ascent of a high pass, called Buttermere Haws, commences here, and on descending on the opposite side, the steep height of Honister Crag, rising 1,500 feet, is a conspicuous object ; and two hills, called Great Gable and The Pillar, are seen on the left. At Gatescarth, a farm-house, one mile further, a mountain path to the left crosses Scarf Gap to the river Liza, afterwards following its course to Ennerdale Lake. This lake possesses but few attractions for the visiter. Its length is about two miles and a half, and its breadth three quarters of a mile. At Ennerdale Bridge, about a mile from the foot of the lake, is an inn, and the chapel-yard at that place is the scene of Wordsworth’s “ Brothers,” where

“ Is neither epitaph nor monument,  
Tombstone nor name — only the turf we tread,  
And a few natural graves.”

From Gatescarth is only one mile to Buttermere. This lake, which is a mile and a quarter in length, and scarcely half a mile in breadth, is nearly encompassed by superb rocky mountains. A stream issuing from between the hills High Stile and Red Pike, on the western side, makes the cascade of Sour Milk Gill. The village of Buttermere, distant fourteen miles from Keswick, stands near the foot of the lake. At the inn here dwelt Mary Robinson, the Beauty of Buttermere, whose tale is well known.

From Buttermere to Crummock Water the distance is something short of a mile. A footpath from the former place, crossing the river which connects the lakes, leads to Scale Force, the highest cascade in the lake district. The water falls at once 150 feet, between two rocks, into a deep chasm, the sides being clothed with trees and plants. Crummock Water is situated amid magnificent mountain scenery, having on the eastern side the lofty Grasmoor, and on the western Melbreak. Its length is nearly three miles, its breadth nearly three quarters of a mile, and its head is graced by three small islands. There is a decent inn at Scale Hill, on the foot of the lake, where the tourist can be supplied with a boat. Lowes Water may be easily visited from here. It is not a mile in length, and, unlike most other lakes, the scenery at its foot is of a sublime description, while that at its head is comparatively tame.

From Lowes Water the visiter can return to Scale Hill, and proceed to Keswick through the vale of Lorton, a distance of twelve miles. Where the Cockermouth and Keswick road is entered (four miles from Scale Hill) is the famous yew tree,

“ Which to this day stands single in the midst  
Of its own darkness, as it stood of yore,  
Not loth to furnish weapons for the bands  
Of Umfraville or Percy.”

From here the road occasionally affords pleasing prospects of the surrounding country.

The lake of Bassenthwaite is almost invariably visited from Keswick, from which place it is distant nearly four miles. To pass on the western side the Cockermouth road must be left at the village of Braithwaite, from whence to Peel Wyke (eight miles), the road passes through Thornthwaite, and beneath the hills Lord's Seat and Barf, ascending and descending on somewhat elevated ground, and affording pleasant views of the adjacent vallies, and of the lake, with Skiddaw on the opposite side. A mile from Peel Wyke, Ouse Bridge, spanning the river Derwent, is crossed. Near to this place is Armathwaite Hall (Lady Vane), and a mile further Castle Inn, where the traveller may rest and refresh himself. From here the road passes on the eastern side, at some distance from the margin, and eight miles again brings the tourist to Keswick. Bassenthwaite Lake is four miles in length, and in some places nearly a mile in breadth, but it has no islands, and in every respect is greatly inferior to its neighbour, Derwent Lake.

A circuit including Cockermouth, Whitehaven, St. Bees, and Egremont is sometimes taken by tourists stationed at Keswick, who can, from the last-named place, return by the ruins of Calder Abbey (once belonging to a colony of Cistercians detached from Furness Abbey), and by way of Wast Water and the small lakes already noticed.

The mountains of Skiddaw and Blencathara or Saddleback (so named for its peculiar shape), are generally visited from Keswick. The former is 3,022 feet above the level of the sea, and the distance from Keswick to the summit is six miles, and the latter rises 2,787 feet above the sea, both of which command prospects of great extent.

The approach to the lake of Ullswater from Keswick is generally made by pursuing the Penrith road, along the banks of the Greta, through the village of Threlkeld, and, taking a road to the right about a mile from Moor End (nine from Keswick), thence passing under Mell Fell, through the village of Matterdale, and descending to the margin of the lake at Gowbarrow Park. Airey Force, a fine waterfall dashing between two rocks with great violence, a little to the left before making this descent, is entirely hidden from the sight by ancient trees.

The pedestrian or horseman, however, might take a much shorter and a more interesting route by leaving the Penrith road about three miles from Keswick, and proceeding through the Vale of St. John, pass over Wanthwaite Fell, and join the above road at Dockray, about a mile from Ullswater. On this road, about a mile and a half from Keswick, is a Druidical Circle, 100 feet in diameter, formed by rough stones of different dimensions, the largest being upwards of seven feet in height, and weighing seven or eight tons. Within this circle is a still smaller one formed by ten stones. The narrow vale of St. John is situated between high mountains, having Naddle Fell on the west and Great Dodd on the east. The small chapel is placed on a hill to the right. About the middle of this valley the Castle Rock, a massive pile, unconnected with the neighbouring hill, bears such an exact resemblance to a ruined castle that strangers frequently believe it such till a near approach undecives them. This is the scene of Sir Walter Scott's "Bridal of Triermain."

Ullswater is considered the second, in point of size and interest, of the English lakes. Its length is nine miles, but its breadth is rather disproportionate,



never exceeding three quarters of a mile. Its depth in some places is upwards of 140 feet. On the upper portion are four small rocky islands, bearing the names of Cherry Holm, Wall Holm, House Holm, and Moss Holm. The scenery at the head is of a grand description, and is seen to the best advantage from towards the foot. The roads we have already pointed out from Keswick are the nearest from that place, but to see the lake, and its concomitant beauties, in the most favourable point of view, it is necessary to commence at Pooley Bridge.

The only carriage road is on the north-western side, in passing which the scenery will be found to gradually increase in richness and grandeur. Several villas are situated on the borders of the lake towards the foot, and near the middle Halsteads (the seat of the late J. Marshall, Esq.) is placed on a delightful promontory, amid fine pleasure grounds. Between this place and Patterdale, Gowbarrow Park, with its herds of deer, Lyulph's Tower, and Airey Force, call for especial notice. The hotel at Patterdale, as well as that at Pooley Bridge, supplies boats, conveyances, &c., with other accommodations, and the tourist making a temporary stay here would find many pleasant walks and excursions.

From Pooley Bridge to Penrith is nearly six miles. The town contains a population of upwards of 5,000, and, with the country around, abounds in antiquarian curiosities. The ruins of a castle overlook the town, and in the church-yard is a curious antique monument, supposed to point out the burial place of Owen Cæsarius, King of Cumberland in the time of the Saxons. Besides these, the ruins of Brougham Castle, King Arthur's Round Table, a Druidical circle, called Long Meg and her Daughters, with many other vestiges of past ages, all at no great distance from the town, would amply repay a



visit. Brougham Hall (Lord Brougham) and Lowther Castle (the Earl of Lonsdale) are also in the immediate neighbourhood.

And now, having feasted his eyes on the natural beauties with which the lake district is luxuriously endowed, the tourist can, if he chooses, take the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway at Penrith, and probably in a few hours be transported to his home and friends, perhaps impressed with the idea that this earth of ours possesses charms of which numbers have no conception.

LIST OF SOME OF THE RARER PLANTS OF THE LAKE DISTRICT, WITH THEIR PRINCIPAL HABITATS.

<i>Atropa Belladonna</i>	.	.	Furness Abbey.
<i>Alchemilla alpina</i>	.	.	{ Longsleddale—Head of Buttermere Dale — Screes — Black Sail.
<i>Anchusa semper virens</i>	.	.	Longsleddale — Bowness.
<i>Asarum Europæum</i>	.	.	Keswick.
<i>Asplenium viride</i>	.	.	Scout Scar.
<i>Arbutus uva-ursi</i>	.	.	West-side of Grasmoor.
<i>Bartramia arcuata</i>	.	.	Lowdore.
<i>Circæa alpina</i>	.	.	Margin of Derwenwater.
<i>Cicuta virosa</i>	.	.	Keswick.
<i>Cerastium alpinum</i>	.	.	Helvellyn.
<i>Cochlearia officinalis</i>	.	.	Helvellyn — Longsleddale.
<i>Convallaria majalis</i>	.	.	{ Holm Island, Windermere, and near Kendal.
<i>Convallaria multiflora</i>	.	.	Keswick.
<i>Drosera rotundifolia</i>	.	.	In most bogs.
<i>Drosera longifolia</i>	.	.	Borrowdale.
<i>Empetrum nigrum</i>	.	.	{ Helvellyn — Skiddaw — Benson Knot.
<i>Epilobium alpinum</i>	.	.	Keswick—Gowbarrow Park
<i>Epilobium alsinifolium</i>	.	.	Longsleddale.
<i>Galium boreale</i>	.	.	Helvellyn — Shap.
<i>Geranium sanguineum</i>	.	.	Scout Scar.
<i>Gnaphalium dioicum</i>	.	.	{ Buttermere—Screes—Longsleddale— Kendal Fell.
<i>Helianthemum canum</i>	.	.	Scout Scar.
<i>Hymenophyllum Tunbridgense</i>	.	.	Screes.

<i>Hymenophyllum Wilsoni</i>	.	Ambleside.
<i>Hypericum androsæmum</i>	.	{ Ambleside—Ferry, Windermere.
<i>Isoetes lacustris</i>	.	In most of the lakes.
<i>Impatiens noli me tangere</i>	.	{ Stock Gill Force, Ambleside—Scale Hill.
<i>Juncus filiformis</i>	.	{ On the margin of Derwentwater and Crummock Lake
<i>Juncus triglumis</i>	.	Lowes Water.
<i>Juniperus communis</i>	.	Plentiful upon many fells.
<i>Lysimachia thyrsiflora</i>	.	Keswick.
<i>Lobelia Dortmanna</i>	.	In most of the lakes.
<i>Lycopodium alpinum</i>	.	Helvellyn.
<i>Meum athamanticum</i>	.	Keswick.
<i>Mecanopsis cambrica</i>	.	{ Longsleddale—Ferry, Windermere.
<i>Oxyria reniformis</i>	.	{ Helvellyn—Scawfell—Longsleddale—Great End.
<i>Parnassia palustris</i>	.	Abundant.
<i>Peucedanum Ostruthium</i>	.	Legberthwaite.
<i>Pinguicula vulgaris</i>	.	{ Wansfell, and in moist elevated places—Abundant.
<i>Polypodium calcareum</i>	.	Kendal Fell.
<i>Potentilla fruticosa</i>	.	Screes.
<i>Primula veris</i>	.	Occurs rarely.
<i>Primula farinosa</i>	.	In several moist situations.
<i>Pteris crispa</i>	.	{ Borrowdale—Abundant in the lake district.
<i>Pyrola media</i>	.	Stock Gill Force.
<i>Pyrola minor</i>	.	Dunmallet.
<i>Rhodiola rosea</i>	.	Screes—Helvellyn—Scawfell
<i>Rubus chamæmorus</i>	.	{ Crossfell—Goat Scar, Longsleddale.
<i>Salix herbacea</i>	.	{ Helvellyn—Skiddaw—Scawfell—Saddleback.
<i>Satyrrium albidum</i>	.	{ Mountainous pastures above Borrowdale.
<i>Saxifraga stellaris</i>	.	{ On most of the mountains.
<i>Saxifraga hypnoides</i>	.	
<i>Saxifraga aizoides</i>	.	
<i>Saxifraga granulata</i>	.	Keswick—Kendal.
<i>Saxifraga trydactylites</i>	.	Abundant.
<i>Saxifraga nivalis</i>	.	Helvellyn.
<i>Saxifraga oppositifolia</i>	.	Great End.
<i>Serratula alpina</i>	.	Helvellyn.
<i>Serratula tinctoria</i>	.	Newby Bridge.
<i>Silene acaulis</i>	.	Helvellyn—Great End.
<i>Trientalis Europæa</i>	.	Keswick.
<i>Thalictrum majus</i>	.	{ Screes—margin of Ennerdale Lake.
<i>Thalictrum alpinum</i>	.	Helvellyn—Great End.

<i>Thalictrum minus</i>	.	.	.	Great End.
<i>Utricularia minor</i>	.	.	.	Near Ennerdale Lake.
<i>Vaccinium vitis-idea</i>	.	.	.	Great Gable — Skiddaw.
<i>Vaccinium oxycoccus</i>	.	.	.	{ Abundant in most moist places.
<i>Vaccinium myrtillus</i>	.	.	.	
<i>Viola lutea</i>	.	.	.	In rough woods.
				Skiddaw.

## SYNOPTICAL VIEW OF LAKES.

Name.	County	Length in miles.	Brdth. in miles.	Depth in feet.	Height in ft. above the sea.
Windermere	West. & Lanc.	10	1	240	
Ullswater	Cum. & West.	9	1	210	380
Conistون Water	Lancashire	6	$\frac{1}{2}$	160	
Bassenthwaite Wtr.	Cumberland	4	1	68	210
Derwent Water	Cumberland	3	$1\frac{1}{2}$	72	222
Crummock Water	Cumberland	3	$\frac{3}{4}$	132	240
Wast Water	Cumberland	3	$\frac{1}{2}$	270	160
Hawes Water	Westmorland	3	$\frac{1}{2}$		443
Thirlmere	Cumberland	$2\frac{3}{4}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	108	473
Ennerdale Water	Cumberland	$2\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	80	
Esthwaite Water	Lancashire	2	$\frac{1}{2}$	80	198
Buttermere	Cumberland	$1\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{1}{2}$		247
Grasmere	Westmorland	$1\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	180	180
Lowes Water	Cumberland	1	$\frac{1}{2}$		
Brother's Water	Westmorland	$\frac{3}{4}$	$\frac{1}{2}$		
Rydal Water	Westmorland	$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$		156

## SYNOPTICAL VIEW OF WATERFALLS.

Name.	Height in feet.	Situation.	County.
Scale Force	156	South-w. side of Crum- mock Lake	Cumberland.
Barrow Cascade	124	East side of Derwent Water	Cumberland.
Lowdore Cascade	100	East side of Derwent Water	Cumberland.
Colwith Force	90	Little Langdale	Westmorland.
Airey Force	80	West side of Ullswater.	Cumberland.
Dungeon Gill Force	80	South-east side of Lang- dale Pikes	Westmorland.
Stock Gill Force	70	Ambleside	Westmorland.
Birker Force	60	South side of Eskdale	Cumberland.
Stanley Gill Force	60	South side of Eskdale	Cumberland.
Sour Milk Force	60	South side of Buttermere	Cumberland.
Upper Fall, Rydal	50	Rydal Park	Westmorland.
Skelwith Force	20	On the stream flowing from Elterwater	Westmorland.

# SYNOPTICAL VIEW OF THE MOUNTAINS OF THE LAKE DISTRICT.

Name of Mountains.	Height in Feet.	County.
Scawfell Pike . . . . .	3166	Cumberland
Scawfell . . . . .	3100	Cumberland
Helvellyn . . . . .	3055	Cumb. & Westm.
Skiddaw . . . . .	3022	Cumberland
Fairfield . . . . .	2950	Westmorland
Great Gavel . . . . .	2925	Cumberland
Bowfell . . . . .	2914	Westmorland
Rydal Head . . . . .	2910	Westmorland
Pillar . . . . .	2893	Cumberland
Saddleback . . . . .	2787	Cumberland
Grasmoor . . . . .	2756	Cumberland
Red Pike : . . . . .	2750	Cumberland
High Street . . . . .	2700	Westmorland
Grizedale Pike . . . . .	2680	Cumberland
Conistoun Old Man . . . . .	2577	Lancashire
Hill Bell . . . . .	2500	Westmorland
Harrison Stickle, } Langdale Pikes	2400	} Westmorland
Pike o' Stickle, }	2300	
Carrock Fell . . . . .	2110	Cumberland
High Pike, Caldbeck Fells . . . . .	2101	Cumberland
Causey Pike . . . . .	2030	Cumberland
Black Combe . . . . .	1919	Cumberland
Lord's Seat . . . . .	1728	Cumberland
Wansfell . . . . .	1590	Westmorland
Whinfell Beacon, near Kendal . . . . .	1500	Westmorland
Cat Bell . . . . .	1448	Cumberland
Latrigg . . . . .	1160	Cumberland
Dent Hill . . . . .	1110	Cumberland
Benson Knott, near Kendal . . . . .	1098	Westmorland
Loughrigg Fell . . . . .	1108	Westmorland
Penrith Beacon . . . . .	1020	Cumberland
Mell Fell . . . . .	1000	Cumberland
Kendal Fell . . . . .	648	Westmorland
Scilly Bank, near Whitehaven . . . . .	500	Cumberland
PASSES.		
Sty Head . . . . .	1250	Cumberland
Haws, between Buttermere dale and Newlands . . . . .	1160	Cumberland
Haws, between Buttermere and Borrowdale . . . . .	1100	Cumberland
Dunmail Raise . . . . .	720	Cumb. & Westm.
		Height in Feet.
Highest English Mountain, Scawfell Pike, Cumb. . .		3,166
Highest Welsh Mountain, Snowdon, Caernarvonshire . .		3,571
Highest Irish Mountain, Gurrane Tual, Kerry . .		3,404
Highest Scottish Mountain, Ben Muedui, Aberdeen . .		4,418
Highest European Mountain, Mont Blanc . .		15,781
Highest Mountain in the World, Dhawalagiri, Asia . .		26,862

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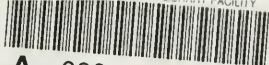
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